

Marit Larsen, You'll Be Gone

She looks for all the signs
Checks your shirt when you get home to make sure
She keeps an eye on your telephone
Instead of asking you
She asks everyone you're with and ends up
In dark conclusion you're not alone

She calls you up repeatedly
Knows where you're at all the time

At night you tell her that she's all you long for
But she knows by your face there has got to be more
Her eyes are too narrow, her leg are too long
She knows by this time tomorrow you'll be gone
You'll be gone.

She used to be ahead
She had thrilling and exciting things to say
She kept you on your toes all the way
But now the tides have turned, you have
Come too close to knowing her
God forbid you'll know what she's really like

When she sleeps, she keeps her makeup on
She prefers to live in a lie

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Na na na na na na na na
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